THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER.

Our Country, her Commerce, and her Free Institutions.

VOLUME I. OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1840. NUMBER 20.

Oct. 7, 1840

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE,

Canal Street, nearly opposite the Mansion House.

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; And three dollars and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the year.

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

JOB WORK

Of every description, executed in the neatest manmanner, at the usual prices.

Ottawa is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

Mr. Van Buren's Letter to the citizens of Louisville, Ky. relative to Slavery.

WASHINGTON, April 21st, 1840.

GENTLEMEN: — I have received your letter of the 2nd inst., and cheerfully comply with your request. You have inadvertently fallen into an error in supposing that the questions propounded to me by the Hon. Sherrod Williams, in 1836, embraced the subject of Abolition. My views and opinions in regard to it were, however, communicated to the people of the United States, in reply to a letter received in the same year, from Junius Amis, Esq., and other citizens of North Carolina, and also through other channels. Perceiving that I cannot do justice to your inquiries in the form which you have given to them, by a general reference to the answers I have heretofore given, I will repeat the substance of them.

First: That the relation of Master and Slave, is a matter which belongs exclusively to each state within its own boundary,—that Congress has no authority to interfere, in any respect whatever, with the emancipation of the slaves, or in the treatment of them in any of the states; and that any attempt to do so by the government or people of any other state, or by the General Government, would not only be unauthorized, but violate the spirit of the compromise, which lies at the basis of the Federal Compact; and which is binding in honor and good faith on all who live under the protection of the Federal Constitution, and participate in its benefits. This doctrine is in strict conformity to the principle embodied in a Resolution passed by the House of Representatives of the United States, in 1790, upon the report of a Committee, consisting almost entirely of northern men.

Secondly: That conceding to Congress the abstract power of interfering with, or abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, under the broad grant of exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over that District, there are, nevertheless, objections to the exercise of this power "against the wishes of the slaveholding states, as imperative in their nature and obligation, in regulating the conduct of public men, as the most palpable want of constitutional power would be."

Thirdly: That I desired the people of the United States then to understand, that, if elected, I would go into the Presidential chair the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of any attempt on the part of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia against the wishes of the slaveholding states; and also with a determination equally enflexible to resist the slightest interference with the subject in the states where it exists.

The Twenty-Fourth Congress, whose constitutional term expired at the moment when mine, as President, commenced, had avowed its belief that it was "extremely important and desirable that the agitation of the subject of slavery should be finally arrested for the purpose of restoring tranquility to the public mind," and made it the basis of extensive and deliberate action in both Houses. In the House of Representatives, a Committee (a majority of whom were from non-slaveholding states) reported, pursuant to instructions, two resolutions; the first was—"that Congress possess no constitutional power to interfere in any way with the institution of slavery in any of the states of the confederacy;" the second, "that Congress ought not to interfere in any way with slavery in the District of Columbia;" and a third, which was, in substance, that all papers and motions bearing upon the subject of slavery, should be laid upon the table without any further action thereon. They were accompanied by an elaborate and very able report, setting forth at large the reasons in favor of the opinions reported, and the course recommended by the Committee. The whole subject was finally discussed, considered and decided upon. The first resolution passed by a vote of 182 to 9—the second, of 132 to 45—and the third, of 117 to 68. In the Senate, the matter was considered upon a memorial from the Quarterly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, praying for the Abolition of domestic slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. The subject was by that memorial presented in terms which offered no violence to the feelings of any class of citizens, and were best calculated to secure to the questions involved, a fair hearing and impartial decision. After several days' discussion, the prayer of the memorialists was rejected, by a vote of *thirty-four* to *six*.

An expression of similar opinions on the part of the Federal Executive, with an avowal of a determination to carry them out in his official acts, taken in connection with the known condition of the Congressional representation of the several states in regard to the slave question, would, it was thought, during the continuance of his constitutional term, prevent all agitation of the subject before Congress. The consequent certainty that nothing could for years at least be accomplished in that way, would, it was hoped, present sufficient inducements to all who were governed by conscientious motives, to desist from presenting their memorials, and leave all others without even a plausible pretence for continuing to agitate the subject in that form. No one could, it was supposed, believe, that our southern brethren could be driven into a peaceable emancipation by the mere force of agitation—by appeals to the fears of the master and the passions of the slave—these might indeed, if persisted in, draw after them a servile, and probably a civil war, with a final dissolution of the Union. Attempts to expose our country to such fearful hazards for no other assignable motive than to harrass the slaveholding states, or to subserve political purposes, would not, it was confidently believed, be endured, much less countenanced, by the American people. Partaking largely in the general apprehension in regard to the fatal effects of this baleful agitation—having seen enough to satisfy me that no circumstance so directly and inevitably tended to impair the stability and interrupt the harmonious action of our complicated political system, as the existence of a doubt in the public mind concerning the action of the Federal Government upon this disturbing subject—sincerely anxious to promote the commendable design of Congress to restore tranquility to a large and uniformly patriotic portion of the Union—and deeming the subject to be of sufficient importance to justify a departure from the ordinary usage of the Executive, I embraced the first public occasion to refer to the opinions I had expressed before my election, and to declare, formally, that no bill conflicting with those views could ever receive my constitutional sanction. Those opinions, and that determination, have been greatly strengthened by subsequent experience and reflection.

No one can doubt that the tendency of this species of agitation is, as your House of Representatives have very justly observed, to "disturb the amicable relations subsisting between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding states of this Union," and it is not the least remarkable feature in its history, that the means employed are precisely those best calculated to defeat the avowed objects of its authors. It is, to my mind, a most dangerous delusion to believe that the people of the slaveholding states are likely to be induced to change a condition of things over which, under the Constitution, they alone have the control, which they had no agency in producing, and for the consequences of which, whatever they may be, they cannot be justly held responsible — which is interwoven with their domestic relations and political institutions—by charging its existence upon them as a crime against God and man, against humanity and religion: or that to awaken the apprehensions of the master by appeals to the passions of the slave, is the way to improve the condition of the latter. All candid and temperate observers must, on the contrary, admit that such are not the means by which salutary ends are produced—that furious denunciations and unmitigated reproaches as little accord with Christian charity as with brotherly love, and are much more likely to produce stern resistance than quiet acquiescence. These truths are demonstrated in the results of the labors of the Abolitionists in the United States, which have hitherto been productive of nothing but evil, new restraints upon the colored race, vexation to the owner, and distraction to the councils of the nation. In reference, then, to such practices as those to which you have called my attention, I can, as a public man, find the path of duty only in one direction—that of undisguised opposition. I am, gentlemen,

Your ob't servant,

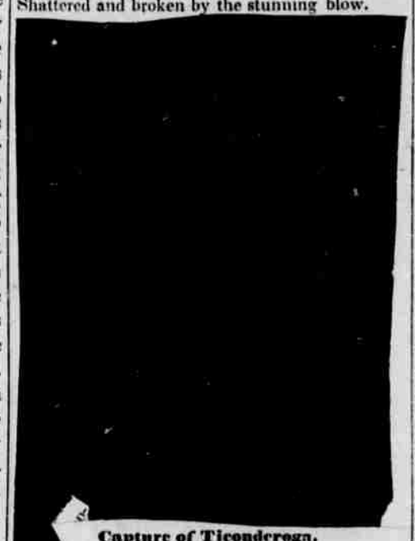
M. VAN BUREN.

To Levi Tyler, and others.

WOMAN.

BY REV. J. N. MAFFIT.

Oh, woman! truth and passion rear the throne
Where thou dost sit triumphant and alone;
Bright shapes of fitful fancies throw
Prismatic colors o'er thy beauty's glow—
Before a thousand shrines thy feelings burn,
As vestals wave their taper's o'er the urn;
A seeming fickle nature oft imbuse
The color of thy mind with rainbow hues—
Yet when awakened to some daring deed,
When griefs and trials come and nations bleed,
When fields of blood re-echo shrieking cries,
And hope's lone star hath left the shrouded skies;
'Tis then thy mighty heart shall fully prove,
The strenghth of all thy constancy and love!
Who longest lingers at the bed of death,
With kisses winning back the fleeting breath!
Who longest at the chill lone tomb shall stay,
Pale sentinel o'er cool and paler clay!
"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave,"
Ah, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save,
When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low
Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.



Capture of Ticonderoga.

The capture of Ticonderoga, by Ethan Allen and a party of "Green Mountain Boys," at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, was one of the most bold and successful actions ever performed, even by veteran troops. The following is the account whtch Col. Allen himself gave of this brilliant affair:

"Ever since I arrived to a state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take part with my country. And while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now state) of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprize I cheerfully undertook; and after first guarding all the passes that led thither, to cut of all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite Ticonderoga, on the evening of the 9th day of May, 1775, [redacted] in three ranks, each poised his fire-lock. I ordered them to face to the right; and at the head of the centre file marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a centry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade, within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade, in such a manner as to face the barracks which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, (except the centries,) we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprized them. One of the centries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but in an instant altered the design and fury of the blow, to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarters, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he showed me a pair of stairs on the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in the said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander (Captain De Laplace) to come forth instantly, I should sacrifice the garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver to me the fort instantly, who asked me by what authority I demanded it; I answered him—"*In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!*"—The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; to which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison; in the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack-doors were beaten down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about 100 pieces of cannon, one 11 inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprize was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the 10th day of May 1775."

Execution of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh made no more of death, says the Dean of Westminster, than if he were going merely to take a journey; not, said Sir Walter, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." On the morning previous to his execution they brought him a cup of sack; being asked how he relished it, he replied, "As the fellow that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl as he went to Tyburn, said 'that was good drink, if a man might tarry by it.'" He invited his friend Sir Hugh Beeston to see him die. Beeston was unable to obtain a seat, and Raleigh observing him in the crowd lamenting his disappointment, said, "Farewell! I know not what shift *you* will make, but *I* am sure to have a place." On the scaffold he embraced all the lords with "such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at a feast." On taking off his gown, he called to the headsman to let him see the axe, which not being immediately done, he said, "I prithee let me see it; dost thou think I am afraid of it?" He passed his fingers lightly over its edge, and smilingly remarked to the sheriff, "this is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. When he had laid his head on the block the executioner desired him to turn it towards the east. "It was no great matter," replied Raleigh, "which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right." He ordered the headsman not to strike until he gave the signal. Having lain some moments in prayer he made the signal which the headsman not perceiving, Sir Walter exclaimed—"Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" Two blows severed his head.

Eastern Parable.

A man was travelling in Syria, leading his camel by the bridle. Suddenly the animal is seized with a panic of fear—he raises himself with impetuosity, foams and bounds in a manner so horrible that his master abandons him in anguish, and tries to save himself. He perceived at some distance from the road a deep stream, and as he still heard the fearful neighings of the camel, he sought a refuge there, and fell over the precipice. But a shrub held him up. He clung to it with both hands, and cast on every side his anxious eyes. Above him is the terrible camel, of which he does not lose sight for a moment. In the abyss below is a dragon who opens his monstrous jaws, and seems waiting to devour him. At the side of him he perceives two mice, the one white, the other black, who gnaw in turn at the root of the shrub which serves him for a support. The unfortunate man remains there, frozen with terror, and seeing no retreat, no means of safety. Suddenly, on a little branch of his shrub he discovers some fruit. At that moment he ceases to observe the rage of the camel, the jaws of the dragon, the frightful activity of the mice. He reaches out his hand towards the fruit, he gathers it, and in the sweet taste forgets his fears and his dangers.

Do you ask who is the madman who can forget so quickly a mortal peril? Learn, then, friend, that this man is thyself. The dragon of the stream is the ever open abyss of death. The camel represents the sorrows of life. The two mice who are gnawing at the roots of the shrub, are day and night, and in this situation the fruit of pleasure attracts you. You forget the anxieties of life, threatenings of death, the rapid succession of day and night, to seek the plant of voluptuousness on the borders of the tomb.

War.

What miseries are heaped together in the sound!—What an accumulation of curses is breathed in that one word. To us, happy in our insular position, we have, within existing memory, known chiefly of war by its pomp and circumstance alone; the gay parade, the glancing arms, the bright colors, the inspiring music—these are what we see of war in its outset; glory, and praise, and badges of honor, these are what appear to us as its result. The favorite son, the beloved brother, he who, perhaps, is dearer still, returns to the home of his youth or of his heart, having sown danger and reaped renown. Thus we do look on war.—But ask the inhabitant of a country *which has been the seat of war*, what is *his* opinion of it. He will tell you that he has seen his country ravaged, his home violated, his family———. But no! the tongue recoils from speaking the horrors and atrocities of war thus brought within the bosom of a peaceful home. All the amenities and charities of domestic life are outraged, are annihilated. All that is dearest to man; all that tends to refine, to soften him—to make him a noble and a better being—all these are trampled under foot by a brutal soldiery—all these are torn from his heart forever! He will tell you that he detests war so much that he almost despises its glories; and that he detests it because he knows its evils, and felt haw poorly and miserably they are compensated by the fame which is given to the slaughterer and the destroyer, because he is such!

Don't go There.

The scenes of our boyhood are oft remembered, and as the stripling rises into manhood the lessons of his youth become the lights of his after pilgrimage. No one perhaps ever lived, who has not felt the indiscribable sensation of a full heart, when met with the tender, yet overwhelming parental reproof for some youthful aberration. Parental authority never exercises a nobler or more beneficent prerogative, than when to the correction of youthful error, it brings its hallowed affection and unshaken justice. When he beholds the smile of justice satisfied, or benevolence kindly extended to his faults, he endeavors to do better and deserve the kindness he receives. In the fulfilment of many duties of a parental character, there is a high accountability to which many are altogether insensible. The habits of the parent are too oft the sole inheritance of the child—and his tastes, principles, and pursuits are often fashioned by the most trivial attentions or neglects of the parent. But enough of this for the present moment.

When a mere youth, the curiosity natural to all children, frequently led me beyond the limits of parental license. One afternoon, as I wandered into a neighboring church-yard, to scan the monuments that told the brief story of its silent inhabitants, the sun had cast his last declining rays from the tall trees beside me ere I thougnt of returning home, or of the command I received at my departure. The sense of disobedience confused me—and I sat down silent as the marble at my feet. From this reverie I was aroused by a shrill call from the nursery of weeping willows on one side of the grave-yard—and had not time to answer before she stood at my side, an aged domestic of my father's dwelling clad in an unusual garb, which I should now know better how to compare with some of those female singularities that the master spirit of Scotland so faithfully portrayed. She led me hastily towarde home, betraying at every turn evident fear of the ghosts and spirits, the most marvellous stories of which she had been wont to pour into my ear. She led me by the hand, now wondering at my temerity, now chiding me for disobedience to my parents, and now pitying me for the punishment so richly deserved for having frightened her almost out of her little wits. She wound off her lamentations with an emphatic charge: "never to go there again."

"Don't go there!" said she, as we passed a gang of wrestlers—"there will be broken limbs and bruises—don't go there." We passed successively the retreats of the idle, the haunts of the dissipated, the assemblies of the profane—and my guide as she hurried onward, earnestly repeated the injunction—"Don't go there."

In the course of a long life, I have witnessed the various characters of men, and wondered at the facility with which passion and folly lead them astray—and I have a thousand times thought of the simple warning of my guide, and longed to whisper it in their ears. When youthful companions urge to the wayward chase, to some evening route or revel—the withered form of the old enchantress stood before my young eyes, and I could no longer yield to their solicitations.

And now when I see a young man about to enter the gay assembly of the thoughtless and vicious, perhaps to join in riotous excesses, debauchery, and gaming—I could wish to avert the evil, and tell him "never to go there."

When I see the young mechanic or the merchant's clerk, dependent on their daily earnings, which barely keeps them in decent clothes, nightly wending their way to the theatres, I could wish to whisper in their ears "don't go there."

When I see the young entering the gin palaces, or the rum shops, the illuminated billiard rooms, and dark bowling allies of the metropolis—I could wish some spirit would put the thought into their minds, "Never to go there."

And the fair, too—when I see them apparently with no pursuit but pleasure, wasting the golden hours of morning in sleep, and the livelong day in gadding about the streets, wasting the earnings of their fathers on feathers and frippery and becoming the pets of gallants and whiskered coxcombs—methinks they had better "not go there;" for as age creeps on, and they perchance get no husbands, they may need those friendships which prudence and industry never fail to secure, and without which old maids are miserable creatures.

Finally, old maid and young maidens—bachelors and married men—wives and children—when flattery allures, or vice or passion calls them to forbidden pleasures when the customs of the gay world entice them to join the circle of extravagance and swell the crowd of dissipation—all should be taught this salutary lesson—"Don't go there."

Give your Boys a Trade!

With the exception of a few specially designed to fill the learned professions—and these may for the most part be confined to those who are physically unable to get their living by hard work—all boys at the age of sixteen, having previously been well educated at school, should be put to some useful trade. No parent is faithful to his sons, or looks out for their future prosperity, who suffers them to grow up without an earnest designation of the business they are to pursue, and an education specially adapted to qualify them for such business. He who enters upon manhood without a trade, as a farmer or mechanic, or without a profession, is put afloat on the uncertain sea of life without any destination in view, and without rudder, compass or any other means of a successful cruise: He is sent forth amid society as a mere loafer, an injury and a pest.

It would be well for boys intended as lawyers, doctors, ministers and merchants, to acquire a trade. Should they succeed in either of these professions, they would yet find meanwhile much convenience from knowing how to cultivate the earth, or to use tools; but should they not succeed, a trade would be of vast importance to them as an ultimate and safe resort under the vicissitudes of fortune.

A good trade is a thousand dollars to a young man. It is worth more than money as inheritance; for this may fail; that never will, if he be industrious. We think well of those institutions of learning, where the tedium of study is occasionally relieved by some mechanical occupation promoting health of mind and body.

Causes of Insanity.—There are at present confined in our asylum for the Insane 126 persons. The causes of their insanity, as reported by the faculty, are the following: Domestic troubles 10; pecuniary embarrassments 9; religious excitement 5; disappointed affection 6; intemperance 12; hereditary 20; various diseases 28; remorse 1; masturbation 3; mortified pride 1; over exertion of mind 6; sudden wealth 1; *anti-masonic excitement* 1; constitutional 3; no cause assigned 20; Of the patients 74 are males and 52 females; of the whole number 73 are natives of New York.—*New York New World.*

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and the best provision in old age.